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the bcc student Magazine

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*the bcc student Magazine*



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**Special thanks are due: Our patrons, Cathy Seward and Dana Whitkus; our contributors, those whose work we did and did not print; Carl Crawford, Jerry Elam, Joseph Forte, Betty Owen, and Peggy Roberts for advice; many others for errand-running and proofreading; to our advertisers for their support.**

This is the last thing left before we go to press. This editorial and the need to go through the pages one more time. To look at this errant, angry child and find one more fault, one more change to be made. Editors are like that. Yeah they are.

A magazine is an awesome creature, nurtured in the dreams and nightmares of the staff who germinate the original idea and find a way to collate the random thoughts and images of the artists and wordsmiths who appear on these pages. Sometimes it needs to be jumpstarted. Other times it needs to be tamed. This is what editors do. We jumpstart and tame.

Magazines need nurturing. The care and feeding of a magazine requires an open highway from the contributors to the magazine editorial staff. It must be supported liberally by the staff and faculty. In order for this showcase to continue to succeed, we need a constant influx of quality, creative material.

There seems to be a feeling, a trend as it were, for colleges to believe that "less is

more." What I mean by this is colleges think, wrongly, that a quality magazine can be produced on limited funding. Though the contents of the magazine come to us without charge, the production costs continue to rise with every volume.

Unfortunately, the budget does not grow at the same rate. This magazine, though twenty pages less than the last issue, actually cost more to produce. Thus, we had to increase the amount of space allocated to the business end of the magazine, which left less space to present student work. It became increasingly difficult, as time wore on, to decide which pieces merited exposure over others. No doubt, some contributors will be disappointed.

So it all comes down to money, money, money.


The rest seems to be typesetting. And letting the magazine grow. If we get the money, we will bring you another one. For now, I'm going to stop posturing and let the magazine speak for itself.



# **PREFACE**

**Alan S. Lerner**





"BIANCA"  
Black and white photograph.  
Original 9" x 13½"  
By PATRICIA BEATTIE



Millions of years ago, *Kenyapithecus Wickeri*, a distant ancestor, took a lump of lava and used it as a tool. When the remains of *Kenyapithecus* were found, cracked skulls with depressed fractures and fractured bones lay nearby. The lump of lava with a worn edge also lay nearby. Louis Leakey, a world renowned anthropologist, tells us that *Kenyapithecus* was only supplementing his diet with animal brain and bone marrow. Leakey also tells us that the earliest tool was a weapon.

As primitive man became more human, he made more implements. The list of victims grew. Konrad Lorenz, an ethologist, tells us that the first inventors of pebble tools, the *African Australopithecines*, promptly used their new weapon to kill not only game, but fellow members of their species as well. Peking Man, the Prometheus who learned to preserve fire, used it to roast his brothers. Besides the first traces of the regular use of fire lie the mutilated and roasted bones of *Simanthropus Pekinensis* himself. Man thus achieved the distinction of being the only creature to prey on his own kind.

While the origin of human carnage may have been hunger on a day when no animal was available, other motives certainly came to the fore. An early record on clay tablets tells of a king of Assyria who boasted, "... the terrible, destroying flame.... I waged battle.... I crushed the corpses of their warriors.... I made their

blood to flow over all the ravines and high places.... I cut off their heads and piled them up at the walls of their cities like heaps of grain...."

Lest we think that violence was the product of a king's decree, the jealous murder of Abel by Cain, a fratricide, is found in the early pages of Genesis. By its strictures, the moral law of the Ten Commandments perceives man as an

# VIOL

## The Human

essentially evil brute. If one were not prone to violence against his fellows, would he have to be commanded not to covet, bear false witness, steal, or kill? Why should violence and a code for its governance assume such importance in the history of man?

All carnivores, by their very nature, are killers. Man is a carnivore, but Lorenz pointed out that man is a killer distinct from others. Fratricide hardly ever occurs among "lower" animals of a given species. There may be combat over mates and territories, but the fighting





ends in submission, not annihilation. The animal that is losing, signals its acceptance of defeat, either by fleeing or by deliberately exposing its vulnerability. The victor contents himself with this acknowledgement of defeat.

Man does not have such an automatic mechanism. He might have had it, but the ingenuity of his tool-building may have rendered it useless. The use of implements has encouraged a

# ENCE

## Condition

psychological distance that makes the warrior and his weapon independent beings.

Indiscriminate killing could not be reconciled with life in families, clans, or eventually, nations. Patterns of behavior had to be worked out. The use of weapons was to be forsworn within these groups and gestures of submission had to be invented. The military salute and the civilian handshake are the present-day vestiges of such signs, each render one vulnerable by making it impossible to hold a weapon in the right hand. Between warring groups, the uni-

versal gesture is that of both hands raised upright, which displays the lack of weaponry and has the advantage of being seen at a distance. None of these signs, however is as compelling to a human adversary as the appropriate sign is to an animal. The animal's very nature seems to rebel against murdering a rival. Human nature does not. Indeed, as the Assyrian king's bloodthirsty boast proclaims, slaughtering one's fellow beings can have the quality of a sport. And thus the need for the commandment, "thou shalt not kill." The law must try to hold in check a drive which for other species is checked internally. The problem of violence versus law and order seems to be rooted in the human condition.

We have lived through an age in which millions have witnessed the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, war in Vietnam, or the street fighting between police and college students. Violence surrounds our daily lives. We read about it in newspapers, see it on television, and occasionally witness it in person. When we want to escape the pressure of modern life, we find violence in our books, our movies, and even in the toys our children play with. Its forms are amazingly varied: arguments, fistfights, stabbings, shootings, rapes, arson, bombings, riots,

**Gil Bogen**





and international wars.

Perhaps there is no more bloodshed and violence than in the past, but never has it been with us so constantly. It has become a political issue under the disguise of "crime in the streets."

Science and technology have provided us with engines of violence from the automobile to the atomic bomb. And today we are still creating new, unnamed weapons of mass destruction. Unfortunately, little has yet been offered which might avert the present capacity for total self-destruction. How can we best understand such an immensely complicated problem?

When George M., a short, muscular 39-year-old man, was brought to the hospital, he was restrained by heavy fish-netting. Even so, his behavior was impressively threatening. He snarled, showed his teeth, and lashed out with either arm or leg as soon as any attendant approached him. His wife and daughter said that for no apparent reason, he had taken a butcher knife and tried to kill them. They called the police, who brought George to the hospital. Questioning of his family revealed that George had undergone a drastic personality change during the previous six months. During this time he had complained of severe headaches. Examination revealed a brain tumor. After its removal, George's symptoms disappeared and he peaceably went back to work as a

night watchman.

George's violence can be explained on a physiological basis. In the process of evolution, man acquired an impressively large forebrain, consisting of new cerebral cortex, the "seat of the intellect." Below this cortex and associated with it, other older structures of a less intellectual nature, form the limbic system, the mediator of emotional behavior.

# viol

In experiments with animals, removal of the entire cortex makes it easier to elicit rage, perhaps because subcortical impulses cannot be checked. This suggests that there is some sort of balance between brain structures; such a balance seems essential to "normal" behavior. Though George's tumor might not of itself have caused his violence, it might have sufficiently interfered with critical regions. When damage to these critical brain areas is more extensive, whether from tumor, infection, or injury, the balance is decisively upset and violent behavior may become habitual. Any impairment of this kind appears capable of lowering the aggression threshold, thus turning minor annoyances into





major provocations.

Unfortunately, most of the major provocations in the world, resulting in mass destruction, cannot be as easily explained and corrected as George. When a provocation occurred in Watts, Los Angeles in 1965, the town burned to the ground. Prior to August of 1965 Watts, like other ghettos in this country, stood motionless in a world that sped too fast and was too

# ANCE

unconcerned to take notice. While rockets were being launched for Mars and the moon, while the Vietnam situation was taking a new shift, and while the budgets were reaching new heights, the people of the ghettos went hungry and were dying in filth and poverty. Crime was as common as unemployment and need was always present. Young men stole and sold dope and young ladies went into shoplifting and prostitution in order to survive. Teenagers hung around on street corners in packs, smoking weed, drinking wine, and fighting because there was nothing to do and no place to do it in. As for the schools, they were just institutions that even the teachers cared little about. Cries for better schools, better housing, fair employment, a hospital, and better police/community

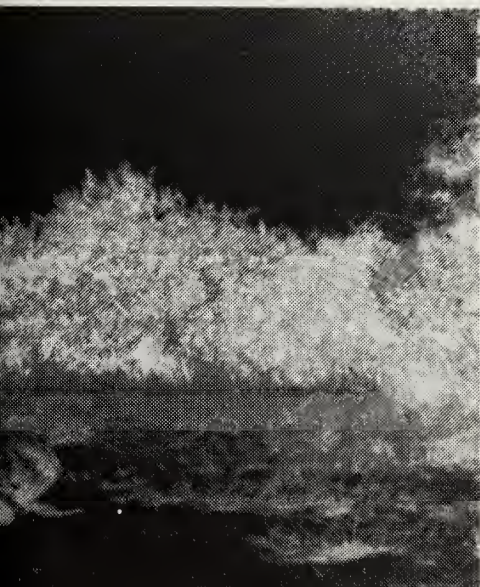
relations were ignored. Frustrations mounted. Then after a period of years, each year worse than the last, it exploded. It was like a keg of dynamite that took only one match, one incident, to set it off. Any one thing or one person could have lit the fuse.

When it happened, tempers burst and buildings went up in flames. Cars were smashed and turned over in the street. People crusaded through the night, burning, looting, throwing bricks and Molotov cocktails, and screaming, "Burn, baby, burn!" Sirens cried out everywhere, speeding from one uprising to another, fire to fire, and casualty to casualty. For four straight days the city was in a state of shock and confusion.

In the aftermath, the simplest solution was to look for villains. People wanted to blame the disorders on youth gangs or extremist groups, but the people in the street were men and women, fathers and mothers, young and old, unemployed and employed. Nearly all of them were people who lived in the neighborhood; they were people who had experienced repeated frustrations for many years.

In 1939, a group of psychologists, headed by John Dollard, wrote *Frustration and Aggression*. They claimed that aggression was always a consequence of frustration and proposed the

**Gil Bogen**





frustration-aggression theory for violent behavior. In the Watts situation, the frustrations finally went beyond the tolerance level.

The violence in Watts came about abruptly and without prior planning, whereas other types of violence have taken firm holds in deliberate and methodical ways: bombings, skyjackings, kidnappings, killings and assassination attempts. "It's the randomness of the acts that terrifies us," says Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman, Co-Director of the University of Chicago Institute of Social and Behavioral Pathology.

No one likes to think the unthinkable: that some day they may face the terrorist's gun, knife, or bomb. This type of violence is often perceived as a deadly game between authorities and terrorists, while the victims mutely await their uncertain fates. The continuing incidents have forced the public to realize that the hostage taker or bomb maker can and will strike anywhere. There are no safe havens for individuals or groups. Why does the terrorist commit his act?

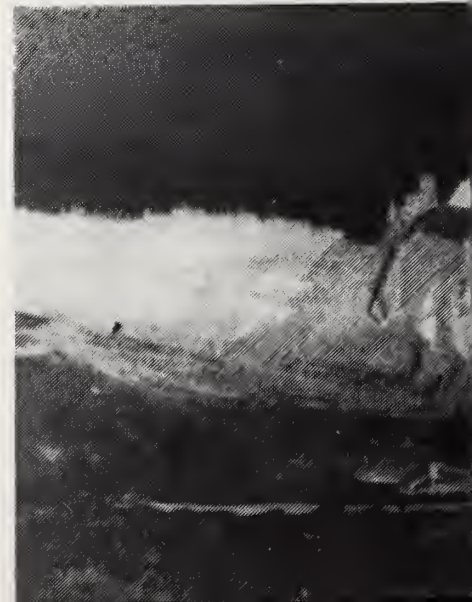
In the pre-terrorist situation there have been severe blows to self-image, the ego-ideal, self-respect, and the sense of one's self as an effectively functioning person deserving the respect and attention of others. Within this conceptualized background, the person believes that something has been taken away that he thought was rightfully his. He then tries to reaffirm his

self-esteem by engaging in a terrorist act. Dr. Freedman states, "... terrorism is a way for a relatively powerless group to get massive recognition."

The groups that the psychiatrist has analyzed include: the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Tupamaros, and the PLO. These make the Chicago street corner gangs, whom he studied in the 1940s, seem tame. Those gangs fought with

knives, rocks, and garbage can lids for shields. Now, small terrorist groups have the capability of constructing atom bombs, says Dr. Freedman.

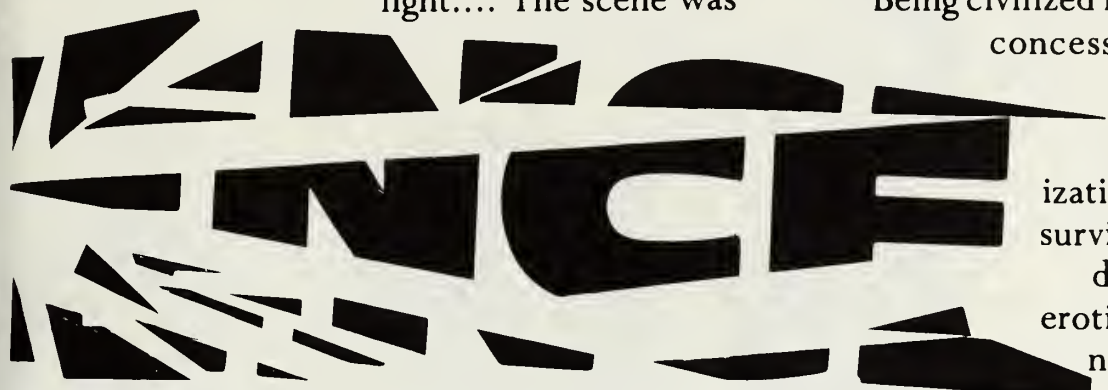
Even as the world decries acts of terrorism, nations are at war, killing and maiming. Countries easily convince themselves that their wars are fought to secure or advance important national interest. When one party breaks an established rule of war, cries of "foul" are heard. Such was the case when Iran claimed that Iraq had used poison gas against its people and then showed grisly pictures to the world on satellite T.V.





General Omar Bradley, former U.S. Army Chief of Staff, said it all by stating, "We know more about war than we do about peace - more about killing than we know about living."

Shigetoshi Iwamatsu, a professor of Economics at Nagasaki University, is a survivor of the 1945 bombing of Nagasaki. In his eyewitness account, he told of the "... bright flash of light.... The scene was



like hell... people running with torn-off skin hanging down like old rags, with bloodied heads...."

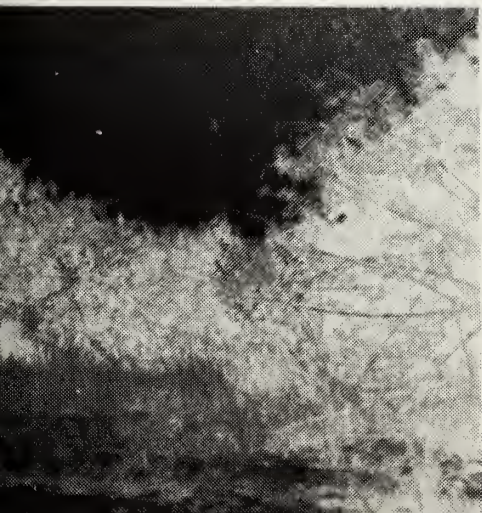
In *The Roots of War*, Richard Barnett pointed out that there is nothing new about government ordered slaughters. Since man first built cities, from the Assyrians to Genghis Khan, from the Crusades to the Indian Wars, war has been an instrument of policy. No age has escaped the passion and fury of the professional killer. It is not homicide in the line of duty that is new, but its bureaucratization. And it is this that is responsible for the routine character of modern war, the absence of passion, and its incredible efficient organization of mass-produced death.

Periodic attempts to abolish war have found remarkably little success. Nonetheless, workers for permanent peace trudge doggedly on, apparently unaware that there may be an irreducible destructive impulse in the human personality. Wars may have served as an effective outlet, morality and ethics aside, for these impulses.

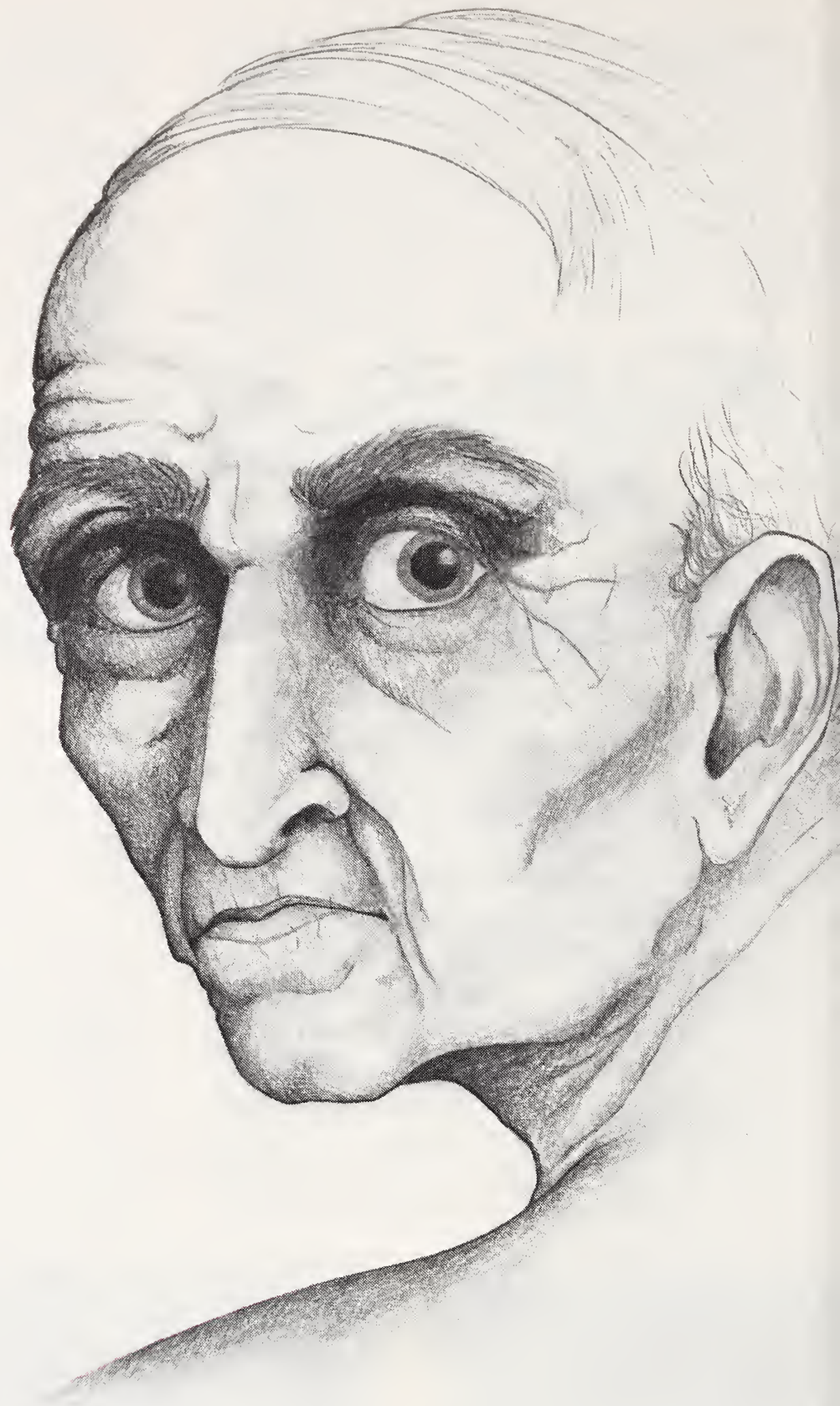
Being civilized is not easy. It demands certain concessions, the modification of

instinctual discharge foremost among them. No civilization as complex as ours could survive if all members of it were devote their time to fulfilling erotic and destructive urges. But no individual could survive in a society that proscribes all

such expression. However, we must question the simplistic view that the direct venting of violence is not only natural, but a sign of good health, as wholesome as cherry pie. Art is a more creative outlet. Sigmund Freud said the aim of life was death. Today's forecasters of doom and gloom also say that man will ultimately destroy himself. True, our daily news is filled with murders, rapes, child abuse and brutality. But, maybe, with understanding, the human trait of violence can be offset by other human traits: creativity, reason, and, most important, hope. As E. Stotland wrote in *The Psychology of Hope*, "... the presence of hope is a deterrent to violence."







"PORTRAIT OF MISTER WINTERS, AN ACTOR"  
Pencil on artist's bond.  
Original 11" x 17"  
By ROSINA BUBANI

## **Violin Music From Afar**

I see you washing  
yellowed, cotton underwear  
in the bathroom sink of  
the Portland Public Library.

The lines which etch  
your face resemble cracks on  
a marble tombstone.  
They whisper words of  
disillusionment and pride.

The world offers you nothing  
and still you will not ask  
for help, for money...

The question, "Do you got  
a dollar so I can get  
a cup o' coffee?" plays  
hide and seek inside your eyes.

You have never read Kafka's  
*Metamorphosis*, but you too are  
a cockroach-man who listens to  
violin music from afar.

I give you a dollar.

**Kathleen Butts**



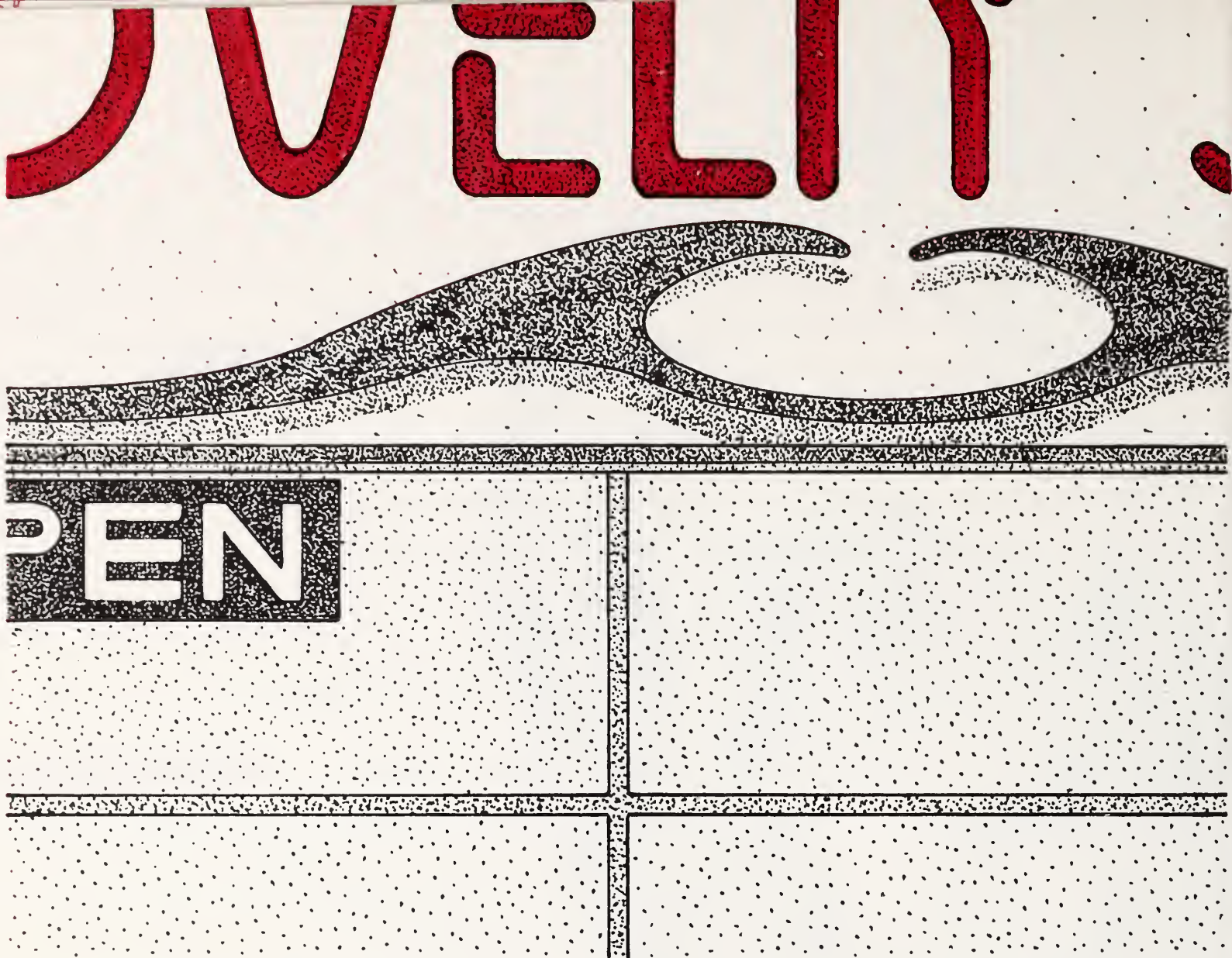


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MUIR

## The Novelty Shop **David Summitt**

When the Novelty Shop first opened, nobody knew quite what to make of it. Previously, it had been an antique shop, one of those charming places where two spinsters served tea and never sold anything, seemingly. It had been closed for a while, perhaps not so much through a lack of business as a lack of interest, and the two sweet old ladies had retired and moved to Florida. The shop sat for a while, empty, a blank cipher right in the center of town. Then one morning there appeared, as if by conjuration, an enormous glittering electric sign over the window, iridescent and radiant, proclaiming: NOVELTY SHOP, Barnie Young, Prop.

It was a hit from the beginning. Mrs. Adder, one of the self-appointed arbiters of acceptability that haunted the town both physically and

spiritually, was the first customer. She came into Long's drugstore that same morning to report. She had met Mr. Young, who seemed very nice, a bachelor. The shop was full of all sorts of interesting things, and look what she had gotten: a battery-powered wurstle, no bigger than a credit card. Wasn't it cute? So convenient, so modern.

By the end of that week it seemed like everyone in town had a battery-powered wurstle, or, if not, at least a high-impact-resistant plastic nixvil. Some people, like Mrs. Carbunkel, had both, as did young Emil Trepann, who also had an apteryx-leather carrying case especially fitted to hold them both. The waitresses at Louise's, as well as the attorneys who lunched there, wondered aloud what they had ever done without their wurstles, and business at the Novelty Shop



took off like a rocket.

It became the habit for people to drop by the Novelty Shop every few days to see what was new. The wurstles and nixvils were soon forgotten, but there were blankinputts and lug-worts to replace them, and no one would be caught dead without their blankinputt. Those who could afford it got them gold-plated; others had to settle for the stainless steel variety. Nonetheless, everyone seemed to need them, and everyone from Mayor Emery to Harry the street-sweeper took to prowling the aisles of the shop in search of some ever-elusive item soon to come.

But no one was as involved in the shop, or took it as seriously, as Bernie Young, proprietor. He had no family, and lived alone in a room over his store. He never went out; the Novelty Shop was his life. During the day he was always on hand to help his customers, chatting with them and explaining the special qualities that made whatever that week's novelty was so exciting and worthwhile. He honestly appreciated their patronage and was proud to offer them the latest, the most modern, the very acme of "now." At night, after a modest dinner, he would spend hours poring over trade magazines and catalogues, studying trends and developments, or checking his inventory and accounts. Sometimes in the wee hours of the morning, he would be overcome by the bulk of information he needed to master, and then he would go downstairs and wander through the dark aisles of the shop, gazing longingly at the merchandise, perhaps even fingering an axolotl or a mazzard, until he felt reassured of the worth of his enterprise.

It was a demanding business, and a risky one too, trying to cater to the unpredictable whims of the public. It took every moment of his time, every effort he could muster, to keep his fingers on the public pulse. One week, for instance squadiddles would be all the rage, and Bernie would have to order more to restock; the next week, ottacens might be just the thing and the

unsold squadiddles could rot on the shelves until the cows came home for all his customers seemed to care. Their tastes and preferences changed with the wind, sometimes from day to day or even from morning to afternoon, and Bernie often felt as though he were running as fast as he could just to stay in one place. Indeed, for all his effort and unflinching diligence Bernie Young often felt as though the public understood little and cared even less about the nature of novelty and why it was such an important quality in and of itself. This suspicion pained and depressed him, and he mostly tried to ignore it. At times he saw himself as an unsung hero, a prophet without honor, and these melodramatic conceptions seemed to offer him some compensation for all the frustration and tedium of his labors.

So Bernie Young managed to keep going, and to keep up with the demands of his trade. But at night, alone in his unlit shop, Bernie would sometimes sense a malevolent perverse presence, lurking amongst the shelves of halsas and display-stands of morkies, and he would feel trapped and helpless and would begin to sweat, and the shadows thrown by the blinking of the great neon sign outside would seem to move subtly in the periphery of his vision, and a dim whispering would begin, coming from the stacks and boxes of merchandise, saying: All for nothing, Bernie, all empty, all worthless. Then the halsas would seem to grin diabolically from their perches on the shelves, and the displays of morkies would seem to quiver with spiteful laughter, and Bernie would flee, run upstairs to his comfortable bedroom, throw himself into the huge antique mahogany bed left behind by the previous owners of the premises, and tell himself: It's nothing. I'm just getting old. It's nothing. But no amount of denial could still the soundless laughter from the racks of predellas and boxes

**David Summitt**

of plinths downstairs, and no self-image of martyrdom could sustain faith in neocity.

Still as long as business was good, Bernie felt justified in his venture. The Novelty Shop brought meaning and importance to his life as well as others', and on the whole Bernie felt it was worth it. If he sometimes took losses on his merchandise, what of it? What did it matter if his customers failed to grasp the underlying significance of his trade, the real service he provided? And if he was as much a prisoner of the shop as its proprietor, was he not, even so, less dependent on it than were his customers?


So Bernie continued his work and his business did well, and he felt himself to be respected and liked, if not fully appreciated. But eventually an end came, as it must. One day Bernie opened the doors to the shop to find no line of customers waiting. He waited, puzzled, and the morning passed, and still no one came in. He went to the big display window and peered out, and he saw Mr. Fulton, and Mrs. Adder, and her cousin Miss Stymp, but each passed by without even a glance at the display of conelrods in the window. There were still no customers by the end of the day. Bernie was in a cold sweat when he closed the shop. Six cartons of carbonados seemed to watch him expectantly as he turned off the lights, and a sale-bin of grundles mumbled softly as he climbed the stairs. He went to bed that night feeling very uneasy, and he had dark and disturbing dreams.

After three days had passed, still with no customers, Bernie could stand no more. He was determined to find out what had happened. How was it that his former customers felt that

they could abandon him so? It was inconceivable, that these people who had so easily and willingly been marketed with his goods should so suddenly withdraw their patronage. Didn't they realize that they needed him?

He went out into the street at noontime. There was Emil Trepann, whistling some banal tune as he strolled down the street. Bernie was about to stop him when he noticed that Emil was carrying a curious device strapped onto his belt. It looked rather like a wurstle, and yet it was like no wurstle Bernie had ever seen.

He followed Emil down the street, trying to study the strange new item surreptitiously. He was unaware of the growing number of people around him on the street, all walking in the same direction, and each seemed cheerful and happy, like Emil. They thought they knew where they were going. And they really had not gone far from Bernie's shop before they arrived at their new destination. When they got there, and Bernie realized where they were and what the place was, he understood what had happened to his business, and what would happen to him. The others were all going into the place, and Bernie knew that he would too, and he felt strangely happy and relieved when he opened the door and walked in, cheered somehow by the warm glowing colors of the colossal halogen sign above the door which read: NEW AGE NOVELTIES, Grand Opening Celebration! Bernie Young walked into the new store, and as his eyes ran down the long shelves of brand-new firbles and quelkinots and bagatelles he had a sensation as if a great weight were lifted from his shoulders. He felt at home.





UNTITLED  
Black and white photograph.  
Original 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>"  
By SHANA ALEXANDER





## standing on the gap

standing on the gap  
inhale  
speakings of heredity  
and times, well  
they never stopped  
churnin' cheesy noises  
but never ever the beauty  
that i throw myself in  
a now feeling in  
the speckles of heredity  
and i hear them  
i hear:

unforgettable!  
and muddies me thick  
in this room

my friends in  
all their undefinable  
languages  
and tho' you don't know,  
instinct makes you smile  
smile you're in  
maybe found  
an old neighbor  
with whom played fiddled  
and harped on old melodies  
on the creaky comfort porch  
tho' you don't know even that,  
do jest the speckles in your eyes  
snigger out, ha  
temptin' revealin' morsels  
in the language of  
hometown songs



"ISABELLA"  
Pencil on artist's bond.  
Original 11 1/4" x 17 1/4"  
BY ROSINA BUBANI

not even your skin knows  
just this kind of french maybe:  
the speckle i spied yesterday,  
sunning on the nape of your neck  
while you spoke of your timelessness,  
winked pleasant to the mole  
on my nose, 'cause of  
where we all sat  
forming the voices of  
the present,  
woven silky with the melodies thrown  
on the creaky porch

## **it's a cool pleasant night**

it's a cool pleasant night  
curled up here on the beach  
out of my sweater are toes  
scratching lumps out of sand  
digging up threads and shreds  
out of my life  
i'm conforming  
to love alone as the stringy  
wet strands i pull out  
are a painless ripping out of  
though the feelings others inspire  
seem to flow over bubbling past  
any other woman's patience or  
desire inspired  
it is the one urge last arousal  
from this concrete block  
cracked life  
this alone set ALL free from any claims

from my suffocating eyes  
enjoy  
remaining solely to revel  
caress one other human body  
amusing so to hear those purrs  
those whines as trying to  
inspire those desires  
the heaviness is catching up with me  
as i try to tousle you about  
as best i can and nearly the proper way  
i can't even smile at my success  
in giving a good deal to another  
as i've become a tourist on my street  
metal-barred street-faced upstairs window  
solitude is the curl-up comforter chair  
cool grey drops puddle on my wood and heater  
in socks my waiting lasted years  
my hopings wasted me years now i know  
the lonely way to stay  
curled in songs of lovely gothic breaths  
I'M JOSTLED my knees tremble  
throat is caught  
my window heater makes only hums now  
and my bones splinter apart under someone's weight.

**Natalie Rodriguez**



## **It Happens All the Time**

Alone we think we are lost  
and misfortune uniquely ours  
that no one else counts the cost  
or weeps through the bitter hours

Just find a hospital,  
    travel its floors  
        birth and death  
            lay beyond its doors  
You walk out glad you walk out  
to kiss the ground of your particular route  
Life's unfair but occasionally kind,  
    It Happens All The Time.

Missing the plane,  
    having a fight,  
        losing your wallet,  
            not sleeping at night  
These are the wearies and the little blows  
    about which no one really knows  
Humanity's woe is heard far and wide  
like a bottle caught in a restless tide  
Life's a twist, rarely a straight line,  
    take the curves when they happen all the time.

**Lisa McDonough**

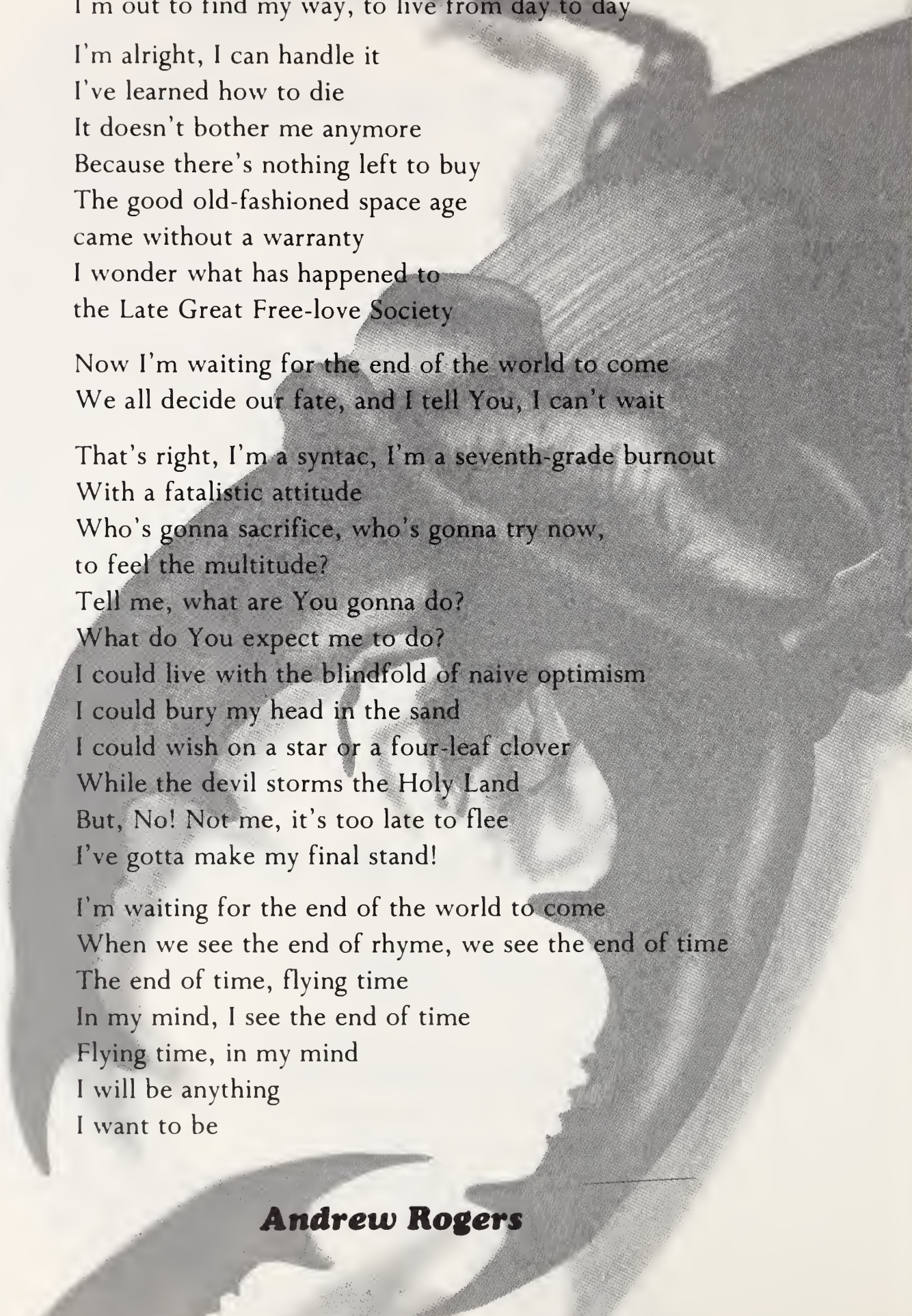
## **Terminal Sunday**

Sheltered beneath the thin winter air  
They are motionless, silent, and still  
Dark eyes, dark skin, and dark hair  
They are motionless, silent, and still  
Forever lost spirits, inanimate lives  
All emotions consumed, their blood yet survives  
Terminal lights transfigure to dawn  
The passion for morning has long since been gone  
The early bus arrives  
They are motionless, silent, and still  
The early bus goes by  
They are motionless, silent, and still  
  
A lone bearded man by the alleyside  
With nothing to fear and nothing to hide  
Softly he sings out an unknown song  
A song of joy, his unknown song  
A song of love, his unknown song  
A song of peace  
An unknown song

## **Waiting for the End of the World**

Sweet siren, so divine  
Sing your song to me  
And slay me on the rocky shore  
A victim of the sea  
I believe my time is now  
But my time is history  
I'm looking for the mushroom cloud  
For then I will be free





I'm waiting for the end of the world to come  
I'm out to find my way, to live from day to day  
I'm alright, I can handle it  
I've learned how to die  
It doesn't bother me anymore  
Because there's nothing left to buy  
The good old-fashioned space age  
came without a warranty  
I wonder what has happened to  
the Late Great Free-love Society

Now I'm waiting for the end of the world to come  
We all decide our fate, and I tell You, I can't wait

That's right, I'm a syntac, I'm a seventh-grade burnout  
With a fatalistic attitude  
Who's gonna sacrifice, who's gonna try now,  
to feel the multitude?  
Tell me, what are You gonna do?  
What do You expect me to do?  
I could live with the blindfold of naive optimism  
I could bury my head in the sand  
I could wish on a star or a four-leaf clover  
While the devil storms the Holy Land  
But, No! Not me, it's too late to flee  
I've gotta make my final stand!

I'm waiting for the end of the world to come  
When we see the end of rhyme, we see the end of time  
The end of time, flying time  
In my mind, I see the end of time  
Flying time, in my mind  
I will be anything  
I want to be

**Andrew Rogers**





"THE THIRD EVOLUTION"  
Airbrushed watercolor and artist's gouache.  
Original 11 1/2" x 17 1/2"  
By SCOTT E. COVENTRY



# FLANKY

**Ken Corday**

Earth I, Wednesday night, in the suburbs

The year is 1990, and the mainstream American culture experiences the harshest wave of right-wing conservatism in years. In this stagnant period of art, countless talented artists are being ignored by the people in favor of products regularly concocted by the star and hit making machine of the junk culture. This tragic occurrence is much like a gasoline flame being fueled by the viper-like clutches of this country's organized crime. Relics of what were once outlets of alternative art, as well as a voice for the counter-culture (College Radio, Independent Record Labels, etc.) have also succumbed to the reptilian clutches of the close-minded "Pop" factory. Indie record labels have all either folded or have been bought up by irreputable corporate pirates, raping any opponents and guiding all music traffic to and from radio playlists. Freeform radio stations, most notably Progressive New Music and Hard Rock, have been outlawed because of the left-field ideas they have infested the youth with. Society has commercialized everything so much that so called "Hardcore" and "Thrash" bands are being invited to play at the White House. Pioneers from the 1977 punk movement are settling down, raising families, sending their children to private schools, and making down payments on condominiums in suburbia. The final straw for one rebel is when Adult Contemporary or Oldies radio stations are playing artists like *Motley Crue*, *Bon Jovi*, *The Smiths*, *Poison*, *The Cure*, or *Siouxsie and the Banshees*.

Enter Flanky, a three year old Black and Tan Dachshund, that has gotten lost in the vast wasteland of the American mainstream and lives his life locked out of the contemporary current of society. Flanky is frustrated with the way society is being monopolized in a tyrannic, "Big Brother" mode, so Flanky decides to leave this configuration of Earth and heads for Earth II. In his trek to this alternative Earth (just west of Earth I and slightly below the human mind's dark corner of reason) Flanky bids farewell to Earth I and the memories of the freedom America once represented, and while shedding a tear, Flanky looks on to Earth II as a frontier in which he will pioneer, and a new nation will for once be run in a way America was meant to be (free, supportive of progress and innovative ideas, and most importantly, having a government that is run by and for the people - something yet to be seen).

In Flanky's figuring, Earth II would be a place available as an alternative to Earth I for anybody, or as a break from the strain of life on Earth I. All in all, Earth II would be a place where people could come and go as they please.

With him on this long journey, Flanky brought a few items he'd grown accustomed to on Earth I: An iced tea recipe, a couple of Dracula information books, enough stationery so that he could place many classified ads for Earth II in newspapers back on Earth I.

Flanky knew that he had a lot in store for his future (pioneering Earth II and all) so he decided to rest comfortably on the long but soothing flight of the DC-10 (gee, airlines seem

# THE DOG

to have had quite a surplus of those goodies). In the meantime, Flanky worked on his book of crossword puzzles on Seth Brundle and trivia from the motion picture, *The Fly*.

Boy, Flanky thought, if he heard another *Led Zeppelin* record (or C.D. for that matter) he was probably going to bang his head (I guess that's why they were pioneer headbangers). Flanky tried to keep in mind that this was one of those cheesy DC-10s so he couldn't expect much. Well, that was the understatement of the year: the airplane's music system offered *Heart*, *Bryan Adams*, *Bon Jovi*, and even an ethnic act (New York-born Puerto Ricans) called *Lisa Lisa and the Cult Jam*; gee, what a choice. Oh well, there was always the on-flight movie and the film of the day was *Cobra*. (Ah! anuddah block-bustah film from da Sly-Yo!) It seemed that Flanky was going to have his hands as full as the national U.S. debt if not fuller. For some reason, Flanky had this weird sensation, it was like he had this strange sweet taste in his mouth but his stomach felt nauseous and he saw queasy, violet spots. But worst of all, Flanky felt as though some mutant alien creature resembling a waterbug would rip through the confines of his intestinal walls and do a New Yauk-styled rap. (Dats reely Def-Yo!)

The next morning, Flanky plopped two Al-Ks into a glass of water and soon felt relief (the two Al-Ks in conjunction with beaming the *Dead Letter Office* C.D. from *R.E.M.*).

Thursday afternoon, the DC-10 arrives at Earth II (its destination) in one piece (well, there's a first time for everything). "Well jeepers! This place is a lot better off than I expected," thought Flanky. Their culture is based around 1961 and the place is Bronx, New York. This was really great for Flanky because

it gave him a chance to fix society where it began to get screwed up, and yet it still gave him a sense of raw material to work with.

So, where would Flanky begin? He just didn't know, but he figured, why not get himself used to this place and just relax and sleep on his ideas? What an atmosphere to think in -1961, Bronx, New York. Flanky thought, "I'll hang loose, and maybe get a knish at Meyer's Deli or hit Nunzio's Place and get a slice of real New York-styled Sicilian pizza with a Pepsi (served in one of those wax papercups; gee the choices were endless, there were even some good newsstands right under the Whiteplains Road El (Elevated Railroad.)

Sculpturing Earth II was not going to be an easy task for Flanky. But this was 1961. Therefore, it was before the 1962 Missile Crisis, before the Hippie/Flower Power movements, before the assassinations of such people as John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. It was even before the epidemic of AIDS.

For now, Flanky figured that he could find a room he could rent (maybe in one of those Jewish or Italian neighborhoods) with the fringe benefit of having a mama-type cooking the finest home-made meals with the money Flanky had from Earth I (which was about \$175.) It went farther in 1961, so that in the meantime he could find a job, maybe as a 9 to 5 seeing-eye-dog for a rich lady in the city (Manhattan.)

The next story, tentatively titled *The New World*, will not appear on Compact Disc, but may be issued on 8-Track and 78 recordings.

**Ken Corday**



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## **Lost or Damaged Poems**

If the poem seems to be  
Beyond the seeming of its being,  
Let it stand erect, or stumble,  
Club-footed, towards the door.  
Directed once, but never more.  
If it crawls to find its way  
Be it lame or led astray  
It will say what it will say.

Let it go, then, or return  
Half-writ, with postage fixed.  
If its metaphors are mixed  
Let it do what it does best:  
Send it stamped and self-addressed.  
If it labors for its pay  
It will not fear the light of day.  
It will say what it will say.

**David Summitt**

## **Another Drag**

there were red silk-lined windows and  
blond people draped all over the  
furniture. Someone called my  
name. "Sherman," they said. It  
wasn't my name, but

I'm used to that by now of  
course. It was Wanda. She had  
fangs and resembled  
a Japanese ceremonial  
vase. "Good God, Wanda; what  
happened to you?" I asked.

She gobbled my drink  
and ate my nuts. Later

I was listening to the trains and  
smoking a cigarette. This time she  
was more honest. "Joe," she whispered  
softly. "Oh, Joe." "You're learning," I  
said and took another drag.





## **Haiku**

Two ripe red apples  
sit ready to lie eaten...  
then only one waits.

Seas speak to us as  
waves rush to lie heard in words  
we don't understand.

**Greg Hayes**





# MOVIE NUTS

A movie theater's comforting darkness, ushering in voyages to a different reality, not only serves to enhance the vividness of the screen's images, but also protectively blankets audience members with a sense of anonymity. Most of us prefer to leap into vicarious adventures in inconspicuous privacy; when illusion and seclusion are suddenly shattered, the occasions are imprinted on our memories.

One anecdote involves my "date" (accompanied by son, mother, and nephew) with a longtime friend, visiting from Maryland for a day. Although he vehemently denied his exhaustion, Neil's eyelids already were at half-mast when we filed into the theater. Our group, steadying pockets and handbags filled with contraband licorice and *pounds* of pistachio nuts, boldly marched past prominent signs forbidding food and/or candy purchased elsewhere.

Cardboard 3-D eyeglasses in hand, we located five seats together, beyond hostile knees, and settled in to enjoy "Jaws: Something-or-other." A typical sequel, the film failed to generate the desired gasps of horrified surprise but, at various times, did succeed in silencing the constant hum of 1980s theater chatter. It was during one of these hushed, stretched-out moments in anticipation of the star shark's violent appearance when we upstaged the antics of the cinematic fish.

In the midnight darkness, the increasing pressure of Neil's bulky shoulder, pushing against mine, was the only clue that he was slipping into slumber. The 3-D glasses, capable of making any wearer both look and feel foolish, hid his eyes. When I threw him an elbow

and asked if he were asleep, Neil grumbled a firm denial. Moments later, odd sounds, shattering the silence of suspense, proved the lie. A repetitive pop-pop-popping, reminiscent of muted firecrackers, distracted from the quiet marine vision on the screen. All around us, people were attempting to pinpoint the source of the cacophony. I did not need to look. I fervently wished that the sleeping Neil simply had dropped the whole bag of pistachio nuts so that there would have been merely one abrupt splash of noise, rather than the continuous pour of attention-getters. As I fumbled around in Neil's lap, hoping to stem the rush of nuts, the shells continued to roll crookedly down the incline, under seats and unsuspecting feet. (One patron was heard to accuse a suspect of unleashing a bag of marbles.) Finally, after an embarrassing eternity, I

grasped the plastic bag and pulled it into my own lap - upside down!

The remaining pistachios tumbled out into the crevices of my lap and seat. After testing, by movement, and unleashing another smaller torrent of shells, I was forced to watch the remainder of the movie without the luxury of making the slightest movement. Hating those few who stubbornly stayed to read each and every credit, including the Roman numerals of the copyright, eventually I gratefully unfolded my cramping limbs and provided the empty theater with a crackling, expensive encore. Now, my movie snack of choice is soft, quiet, buttered popcorn.

**Juanita Harmon**





## **Harlequin Deux**

painted face  
in cold hard  
splendor;  
never shows  
his fear  
  
in all his  
grace he  
can't remember  
why he sheds  
one tear

## **Brahma Omnipotent**

timeless soul  
with fate intended;  
immortal intermingle  
  
formless yet whole  
future control,  
standing alone  
but not single

**Heather L. Gupton**

Illustration by VARINKA FRANCO

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## **Rosary**

i learned the rosary as a child  
in evening whispers  
of Ave, Pater, and Gloria  
with quiet hands  
slipping down the beads and the knowledge  
of company not known to earth.

I forgot the rosary as a sudden youth  
instead, jeweled fingers  
found a different heaven  
and the beads I knew  
dangled from neck and ear  
in Babylon's gold.

i found the rosary

alone

where it always was  
wrapped around me in quiet patterns  
The beads are thick  
and the hour long  
and the thoughts now wander  
savagely  
from the wonder  
of my God's love for me  
to how I can answer.

**Lisa McDonough**

## **The Clergyman**

He raised his fists, stiffly wrapped around his staff,  
Clenched so tightly that his veins  
Raised up from the surface of his arms.

His sweat was beading,  
Making his ruddy skin shine.  
As he raised his staff, high and defiant,  
He broke the vow  
He so long ago swore he would never break.

His staff fell sharply, deafeningly,  
Like a thunderclap,  
As it echoed through the chambered halls,  
suppressing the fading sound of his steps.

**Scott E. Coventry**









## Saluting Caesar, in His Own Time

For T. S. Eliot  
*il miglior fabbro*

I flew over the long bridge.  
The same one my father sailed under,  
Voyaging to his war. Did it ever end?  
That city was cold, though it was summer.  
I was lonely, with a loneliness worn on my face,  
Like a billboard advertising hunger in Ethiopia:  
“Hey soldier, want a date?” I did not understand.

And for a year I marched in places  
On paths carved by spirits,  
Safe now, perhaps in Cannes.  
They sunbathe, nude, alongside the others.  
“Je suis fatigue’, mes amis.”

I sit ankle-deep in red dust  
With green can, holding peaches.  
With red book, holding Mao.  
Neither worth dying for,  
Each causing death in their own right.  
What do the computers say...?  
What do the actuaries say...?  
What is an acceptable loss...?  
Will the faceless theys underwrite  
Even a second of my future?

I feel a crowd staring at me,  
Though with eyes open, I am solitary.  
I look at empty soldiers’ chairs,  
As if Banquo might visit.  
The chairs remain empty. As do I.  
I can feel them reaching for me,  
From before that time in Carthage,  
From Agincourt, Blenheim, Malmedy.  
They hide from sight, in the valleys and mountains  
Surrounding Dien Bien Phu and Khe Sanh.

They are waiting, as if their presence  
Is the only cure for my expectations.

I have been well seated in the saddles  
Of the cavalries that burned through Atlanta.  
I, alone, survived the Little Bighorn.  
Children fight the wars of their fathers.  
I was a child once too:  
We dug our foxholes deeply.  
We threw dirt filled socks, for artillery.  
We gloried in charges punctuated in terse commands,  
Shouting "Bang! Bang! I got you first."  
In the end, the dead stood up and drank Kool-Aid  
From plastic canteens. There were always more  
Dead Germans than us. It was fitting.  
Then we heard "Ich bin ein Berliner,"  
And were bewildered. Who is inside the horse?

My father says this will make me a man.  
I heard that at my Bar Mitzvah, once upon a time.  
Tell that to my drill sergeant.  
He is the one who gambled for Christ's tunic,  
Who looks at me and says, "Mazzu Christo."  
It is time to go. It is time to follow the others.

"Drop your cocks and grab your socks!"  
Try to remember, for once, that you sleep  
In the top bunk. I feel aborted.  
"Today, scum, we will march eight miles,  
To the hundred meter range. You will  
Qualify as marksman, or you will walk back."  
I rode back in the truck, smiling.  
(Targets, though fatally punctured, do not bleed.)  
I just want to sit and sit and sit....

When rock 'n' roll went to war for the first time,  
It felt strange. Morrison lacked finesse under arms.  
Hendrix did not rouse me with his "Star Spangled Banner."  
Our music made us different. Our music made us sane.



Dancing, drunk, with a black whore, in Columbia  
Who takes me home and takes me home.  
She gives my money to her man.  
And kneeling like a gargoyle, she sucks me.  
"You better hurry, grey boy."  
I stare at cracked green paint  
Scraped from bare two-by-fours,  
And do not think about the poverty  
I have seen in this New South.  
I am lost in Columbia.  
I am lost in this old south.  
It is nineteen sixty nine.  
People stare and call me a fascist,  
Going to flower everyone, before my time.  
Mea culpa. Mea Maxima Culpa. So I am told.  
I will carry my shield. Will it carry me?

What's a nice Jewish boy doing in a place like this?  
Saluting Caesar, in his own time.  
Soldiers under arrest lose the privilege to salute.  
Yes sir yes sir yes sir. I do what I'm told.  
This would not wash at Nuremberg.

Now it is still. The day is getting ready  
To fold its trousers over the chair and watch TV.  
The rapid stomp of jump boots scraping asphalt  
Forms a line stopping at the mess hall.  
I am not hungry. We eat by the numbers.  
We clean weapons and polish boots.  
We memorize our General Orders like Catechism.  
The lights go out at ten thirty:  
One hundred eyes remain open, dreaming of the Mekong.  
The many armed gods play roulette with our future.  
I sweat through white shorts,  
Gone grey in the post laundry.

The cities before me are surrounded by garbage.  
I have seen the end of mankind, in these cities  
Where sewers belch up a beggar's dinner.

Do I dare to breathe? Do I dare to shout out loud?  
Voices. Voices saying, "Et tu?"  
Children beg for piastres. I give them chocolate.  
I save the gum for myself.  
The bus has screened windows.  
The jeeps carry machine guns.  
I am disarmed by all of this.  
I am unarmed, angry, scared, and hungry.  
My Seiko says it is time to eat in San Francisco.  
My stomach agrees. I am on the road to Bien Hoa.

**Alan S. Lerner**

Illustration by MARLEEN ARNETT





## **RUN FOR YOUR LIFE**

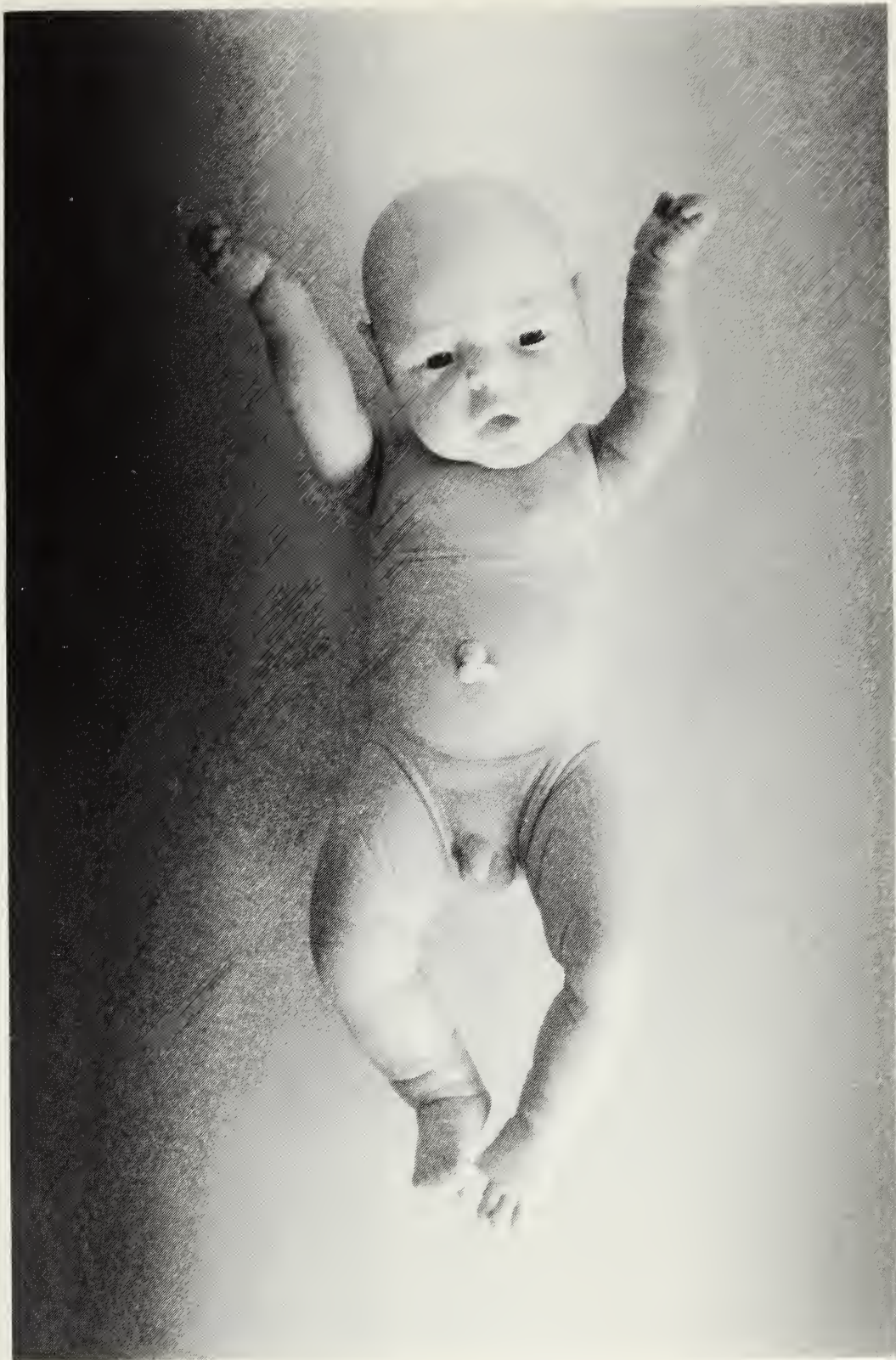
*from a photographic essay  
by Patricia Beattie*

*"I began this series in February, 1988. It is about situations in which a person is in mortal danger, like abortion, or child abuse, or the KKK coming to town. I take things in the news and photograph my interpretation of them.*

*I set up scenes that allow the viewer to have a conversation with the photograph....*

*I've always had a camera in my hands. Then I studied darkroom photography under Mr. van Saal at BCC... it clicked. I hit the ground running and I've never looked back."*

*(The following pages show just three of Beattie's five-photograph essay full-sized, as originally exhibited.)*



RUN FOR YOUR LIFE  $\frac{3}{5}$  PATRICIA BEATTIE  
"Remember Me ....?"

ABORT Lipo suction 1988

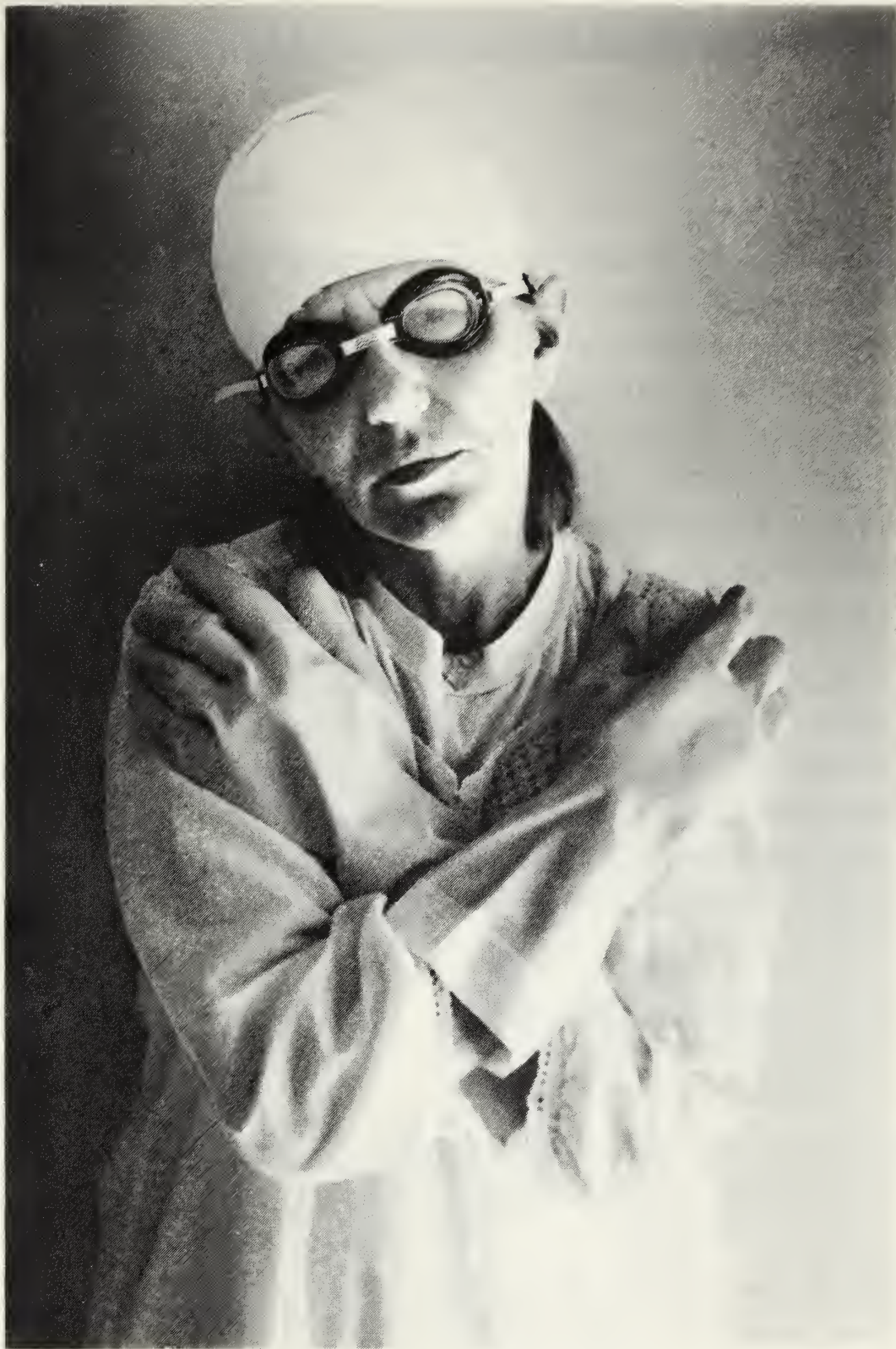




Run for Your Life 3/5 PATRICIA BEATTIE  
Coming to your town next...  
Foot soldiers of the KKK.

Neo Nazis  
1988





Run For Your Life / Patricia Beattie

"It's Our First Time... I'm so

Excited, Truly I AM....

Love AND AIDS  
1988



## Midnight Facade

In the night, wealth is relative.  
Shiny sleek cars prowl the black street  
like yellow-eyed jungle cats strutting through a velvet night.  
Undernourished trees,  
reflected in the tinted windows of the metallic felines,  
wave greetings in the midnight breeze.  
As laundered shirts dance on fences,  
somber pockets of quiet intrude  
on the alternating wails of emergency sirens  
and the heavy bass throbs of musical narratives  
Poverty welcomes the night.

The plastic drug bags and beer can remnants  
are twinkling stars strewn across weed-choked grass  
as children screech with oblivious laughter.  
Yesterday's crumpled stained newspapers,  
making the statement that old news really is old news,  
stagger across the uneven tufts of grass.  
Shards of glass are ghetto diamonds,  
glistening in mud sculptures  
created by too wise toddler artists.  
Poverty embraces the night.

The warm evening air circles and blends  
an intriguing mixture of fried meat odors  
with the sickeningly sweet scent of cheap incense.  
Although the unmistakable fragrance of affluence  
never ever wafts over these blocks of hopelessness,  
survival's aroma blankets the impoverished area.  
Darkness transforms  
environments of despair  
into exciting worlds of fantasy.  
Of course, poverty hides in the night.

**Juanita Harmon**

## Notes, via the Underground

From Deep Within Chile.

For Isabel Allende'

Crouching down, listening to vacuum,  
head on the heel of my hands,  
ass on the palm of my feet,  
knees wet, from dust.

The sky slithers around us  
like a lathered beard.

We talk, you and I, of old ladies  
cradling babies and young men,  
disappeared. What of the young women?  
Morte'? Heads turn side to side.  
Do not ask. Just gone. Ghosts.

Rain. Rain con machismo attacks,  
defeating a legion of dust.  
Dust like frosting that has formed  
to defend the rusted bones of someone's  
automobile that once ran  
in the time when the soldiers came.

There is a threat, perhaps,  
that one of the missing will return,  
one day, to scream, to beat it's  
decaying arms on its fleshless chest,  
screaming: "Estoy aqui!"  
It will be a cry too disturbing to  
ignore....

Now, the cry is only the wailing birdsong  
of hungry babies, left behind,  
cursed in sevens. It is like god,  
to allow this thing. The old women,  
teats dry, offer no comfort.  
They too are like dust.  
When the rain stops, they are unchanged.

A lizard puffs his red throat.  
He too decides to remain silent.  
This village is too far from any crowd.  
The jungle has folded up on this place,  
like a roadmap: We are lost and too far  
from the subway. In the capital,  
"No comment," is an acceptable answer.  
Here there are no questions.  
Even thought is like an abracadabra.  
In a flash, you are gone.

Heads cock like a puppy's.  
The rain stops without thunder.  
The dust returns like ants.  
There is no west wind to cool us.  
There is no one to rake the leaves.

**Alan S. Lerner**



Written in honor of Cesar Chavez, to commemorate the end  
of his fast protesting the use of poisonous insecticides by the  
California produce industry:

## **La Causa**

Vines slide tentatively over weathered arbors  
and grab the wood like a child its crib.  
The sweetness waits patiently,  
as do you, Chavez.

The sun hammers down on this Quixote,  
who drinks water, though unquenched.  
Older, shoulders stooped with the weight of an oath.  
Wiser, stomach growling with a hunger for justice.

**Alan S. Lerner**

BOYCOTT CALIFORNIA PRODUCE





UNTITLED  
Black and white photograph.  
Original 6" x 8½"  
By JERI SPENCE





**This is the true story about any religious Jewish 5 year old boy. The scene takes place in Boro Park, Brooklyn, New York.**

**The Upsherin is the ceremonial first cutting of an Orthodox Jewish boy's hair, signifying readiness to attend school.**

Viviane Klein

# THE UPSHERIN

His eyes peek out from the folds of the *Tallis*. They are big, open wide, wondering. The doors swing open and he is carried through the hall. Their feet echo on the polished floors. He makes no sound. He feels the excitement. He knows this day is special.

From the open doors that line the hallway, children's voices echo. The lovely chant of

learning mingles with the music of the prayers that sound through the building. He is silent. But his eyes circle quickly, seeming to drink in his surroundings. They have arrived. They enter the room. The *Rebbe* comes forward, takes the child from his father's arms. The *Rebbe* is smiling at him, his eyes twinkle behind his glasses. His long, reddish beard exudes warmth.

The boy doesn't cry - even when he sees twenty pairs of eyes glued to him. The *Rebbe* puts him down gently, takes him by the hand and leads him to the front of the room. His *yamulka* is pinned firmly to his flowing curls. His *tzizis* peek out from beneath his sweater.

The *Rebbe* takes his pointer, "*Kinderlach*," he says. "Let's learn *alef bais*." They shout the letters in unison as his pointer flicks from one letter to the other. Then he pauses, the point rests on the *alef*. They shout, "*Alef*." It rests on the *mem*. They shout, "*Mem*!" It rests on the *Tov*. They shout, "*Tov*!"

"What does this say?"

"*Emes*!"

Again. "*Emes*!" The sound of young voices shakes the room. "*Yingelech*, what do we learn from this?"

"*Torah* can only be learned with *Emes*!" they cry.

He reviews a lesson they have clearly learned. In the beginning, in the middle, at the end. Only *Emes*.

Now the *Rebbe* takes a lollypop, he dips it in honey. He takes the young child's hand and guides it to the letters on the chart. "*Alef*." He touches it with the lollypop. The little boy repeats it in his childish voice. The children of the Pre 1-A feel very grown up as they listen. The *Rebbe* puts the lollypop in the child's mouth, letting him taste the sweetness of *Torah*. He dips it in honey again, this time it is the *mem*. Once again the child calls out the letter. Once again he tastes the honey and learns that *Torah* is pleasing, learning is joyous. The *Rebbe* takes the lollypop and dips it the third time. This time it is *tov*. The child senses the holiness of the moment. The children grow entirely silent, eyes fixed on the child and the *Rebbe*. The *Rebbe* tells him that these three letters - and he touches each as he says this, "spell *emes*." The child gently calls out "*emes*," as he heard the other children do.

The *Rebbe* kisses the child gently on his forehead, he shakes the father's hand. "*Mazel*

*tov*." The father's eyes are moist. The mother hugs the child who is growing up in front of her eyes. They give the little boy the bag of sweets and cakes. He walks among the children, doling them out into their eager hands. As the children make a *bracha* in unison, led by the newest inductee into the ranks of *B'nai Torah*, they prepare for the next step.

The child who has just learned *alef bais* now sits bravely as his father, and his *Zaidy*, the *Rebbe*, and the *Menahel* each snips some of his long locks. He sits in silence. He will not cry. The children are watching. The little boy licks his lips and remembers the sugary taste of the *Torah*.



Illustrations by MARIE SMITH





"PSYCHE"  
Charcoal on artist's bond.  
Original 11 1/2" x 15 1/2"  
BY MARLEEN ARNETT

Marleen





"PSYCHE 2"  
Charcoal on artist's bond.  
Original 11½" x 15½"  
© HARLEEN ADNETT



# International Poetry

## Preface by Alan S. Lerner

Many Americans feel that the English language is understood by every member of the world's population. One of my favorite movie scenes involves two American soldiers questioning a perplexed Vietnamese woman. She answers "Khong biet," which means "I don't understand." Raising their voices, they repeat their question, assuming that by speaking louder the woman will understand. Of course, she does not.

Of the 2,700 known languages in the world today, English is but one. It is functionally spoken by 750 million people, half of whom speak it as a mother tongue. Many immigrants arrive in America lacking the ability to speak and understand even the simplest of English phrases.

These people left their nations to seek the freedoms of America. Living life in a new land and culture, away from familiar language, dress, and diet is stressful. It is frequently an endeavor of lonely isolation.

BCC offers a course titled English as a Second Language. It provides non-English speaking students with the opportunity to obtain a functional knowledge of the English language. **it's** magazine asked members of Kit Gallagher's ESL 1341 class to write poems in their native tongue, which would share their feelings about living in America.

We received poems in Spanish, German, Haitian French, Chinese, Arabic, Nigerian, Greek, and Polish. Almost all of them spoke of loneliness and isolation. Others focused on the importance of education and hope for the future. Space precludes us from including all of the submissions. The pieces shown represent not only different languages, but different alphabets as well. Each poet shares a little of his heart with you, a little of his homeland.

Gabriela Mordas arrived in the States a little

over a year ago from Warsaw, Poland. She hopes to become a physician. "Though I miss my country and love it, many bad things are being done there. I mentioned the Solidarity Movement in my poem because people in my country are trying to change the government's ways and are not remaining passive."

Agnes Mordas arrived here from Warsaw a few months after her sister, Gabriella. Her poem is about feelings, hope, and fighting with your fears. Agnes began her studies in pharmaceutical science in Poland and hopes to complete her education in pharmacy in the near future.

Amelia Zaharaki left the city of Athens to come to Florida in 1983. "I write poetry in English and in Greek. Most of my poems are about love." This poem is about the sea and the love the sea has for a seagull.

Morange Cherfrere came to the U.S. from Haiti in 1980. Monsieur Cherfrere is married, has three children, and has never written poetry before. His poem, "The Heart of an Immigrant," speaks of the sadness of leaving family and friends behind him when he came here and the loneliness of being in a strange country. He says that "leaving is really dying some."

Hao Wu came to us from Canton, People's Republic of China, almost two years ago. He is married and the father of a new baby girl. Trained as a physician in China, Hao is currently enrolled in the Registered Nurse program at North Campus. His poem is about going to school three times and is organized informally within the classic style of Chinese poetry.

Varinka Franco, though not a member of the ESL program, does speak English as her second language. Originally from the Dominican Republic, Varinka is majoring in Graphic Design and is a member of the **it's** staff.

## **Le Coeur D'un Immigrant**

Partir c'est mourir en peu  
Laissant mon pays, mon coeur s'est senti brisé  
Ma mere, ma femme, mon fils, mes freres,  
Mes soeurs, tous mes amis et mes copains  
Ce sentiment d'isolation me pour suit,  
Jusques dans les Ameriques, malgre' fait  
Qu'un jour je les reverrai, mon cour saignait  
Ici en Amerique, la vie est differente  
Dans maville natale, fe connais sais tout le monde  
Ou presque, ici on est anonyme, on vit a vive allure  
On ne prends pas le tempos de fouirdes petites choises de la vie  
Pas le temps de regarder les etoiles et sentir  
Que vous-etes' part d'un grand univers, pas seulement  
D'un job ou d'un appartement on a peur de se montrer  
Amical les gens peurent mes interpreter vos intentions  
Dans mon cas j'avais a' apprendre une langue nouvelle  
Des coustumes et une attitude nouvelle.  
Mon isolation devient plus grande a la mort violente  
De ma mere, due a' un accident de violente  
Et je ne pouvais pas assister a' ses funerailles a'cause  
D'une "green carte"  
Piusieurs de mes amis vivent ici a present  
Quelques uns d'entre eux sont morts  
Que je reste ici, ou que je retourne dans mon pays,  
La vie ne sera jamais la meme.  
Et partir c'est tourjours mourir un peu

## **Merenge Cherfrere**



## 重进校园

一进校园，  
幸福童年，  
无忧无虑，  
羡慕神仙。

二进校园，  
正当青年，  
风华正茂，  
样样争先。

三进校园，  
人近中年，  
千头万绪，  
如雾如烟。

Hao Wu

"Ο ἔρως τῆς θάλασσης."

Πρῶτα ἡ μουσικὴ τῶν φτερῶν τοῦ τῆ μάγεψε  
καὶ ἔστειλε τοὺς συμματισμούς της  
ἐν χίμαις δύο ἀποχρώσεις.

Κι ὅταν ὁ χροὸς τῆ αὐτῆς  
χαμόγελα τοῦ βυῶ στὴν ἀμφοδία  
-βία

καὶ ὅταν ὁ χροὸς χάνεται μετ' τὸ βυοτάδι  
αὐτῆς βυθίζεται τὰ μαράβια ὅσα της.

Μισὸ τὸν χάνει, μισὸ τὸν βρίσκει  
τὸ χροὸς της ἡ θάλασσα.  
Κι ὅταν τὸν χάνει φουρτουλιάζει  
καὶ ψάχνει νὰ τὸν βρεῖ  
ὁπὸ νησίονι σὲ νηδί.

Τότε στὰ βάθη τῆς συζήτησις χροὸς μοχλῶν  
ποῦ νὰ τὸν βρεῖ καὶ νὰ τὸν  
ἀρμενίσει

Κι ὅταν αὐτὸς τῆ γαργαλῶ ἐκτενῶς γεναρδίζεται  
ἐν χίμαις δύο μοχλῶν της.

Πρῶτα ἡ μουσικὴ τῶν φτερῶν τοῦ  
τῆ μάγεψε...

**Amelia Zaharaki**



## **Sans Titulo**

Blancas sendas  
simentricas lineas  
una imaginacion fertil  
en un mondo de cristal.

La sonora cuerda de un  
contabajo vibra  
animado la fiesta  
de pensamientos turbios...

Un remolino de formas  
que no llegan a ser  
ni seran.

**Varinka Franco**

## **Ise Ni Oogum Ise**

Mura si ise ore mi.  
Ise lafi ndi eni giga.  
Bi a ko ba reni fehin ti bi ole laari.  
Bi a ko ba reni gbeki le aa tera mase eni.  
Baba re le lowolowo, ki iya re lesin  
leekan, bi o ba gboyu le won,  
Ote tan ni mo so fun o.  
Se ohun ti a ko ba jiya fun se ki le tojo.  
Ohum ti a ba fara sisi fun ni npe lowo eni.  
Apa lara ejipa niyekan.  
Bi aye ba fe o loni, bi o ba lowolowo won atum fe o lola.  
Tabi ki o wa nipo atata aye a ye o si terin teri.  
Jeki o deni n rago ki o ri bi aye ti nyimu sio.  
Eko sin tun nsoni dogo, mura ki o moo daradara.  
Bi o ri opo eniyan ti won'nfeko serinrin,  
sora ki o ma fara we won.  
Iya nbo fomo ti ko gbon, ekun nbe fomo ti nsa kiri.  
Ma faaro sere ore mi mura si ise ojo nlo.

**Regina Akintunde**

## **Bez Tytułu**

Na początku był tylko lęk.  
Siatka pajęcza, która swymi  
lepkimi ramionami oplata wolę.  
Później, nagle, jasny promień światła, życia.  
Czy to naprawdę poczętek?  
Gdy zgasnie lamka oliwana mej duszy,  
gdy pozostanie już tylko pustka, co pocznę?  
Zamknę oczy, stanę w środku zewnętrznego światła.  
Dzwonki śmiechu zabrzmią.  
Kajdany lęku pękną.  
Chorągwie zwycięstwa uniosą się.  
Hymny radości zabrzmią.  
Zawiruje przestrzeń...  
Na początku był tylko lęk,  
teraz pozostanie pewność.

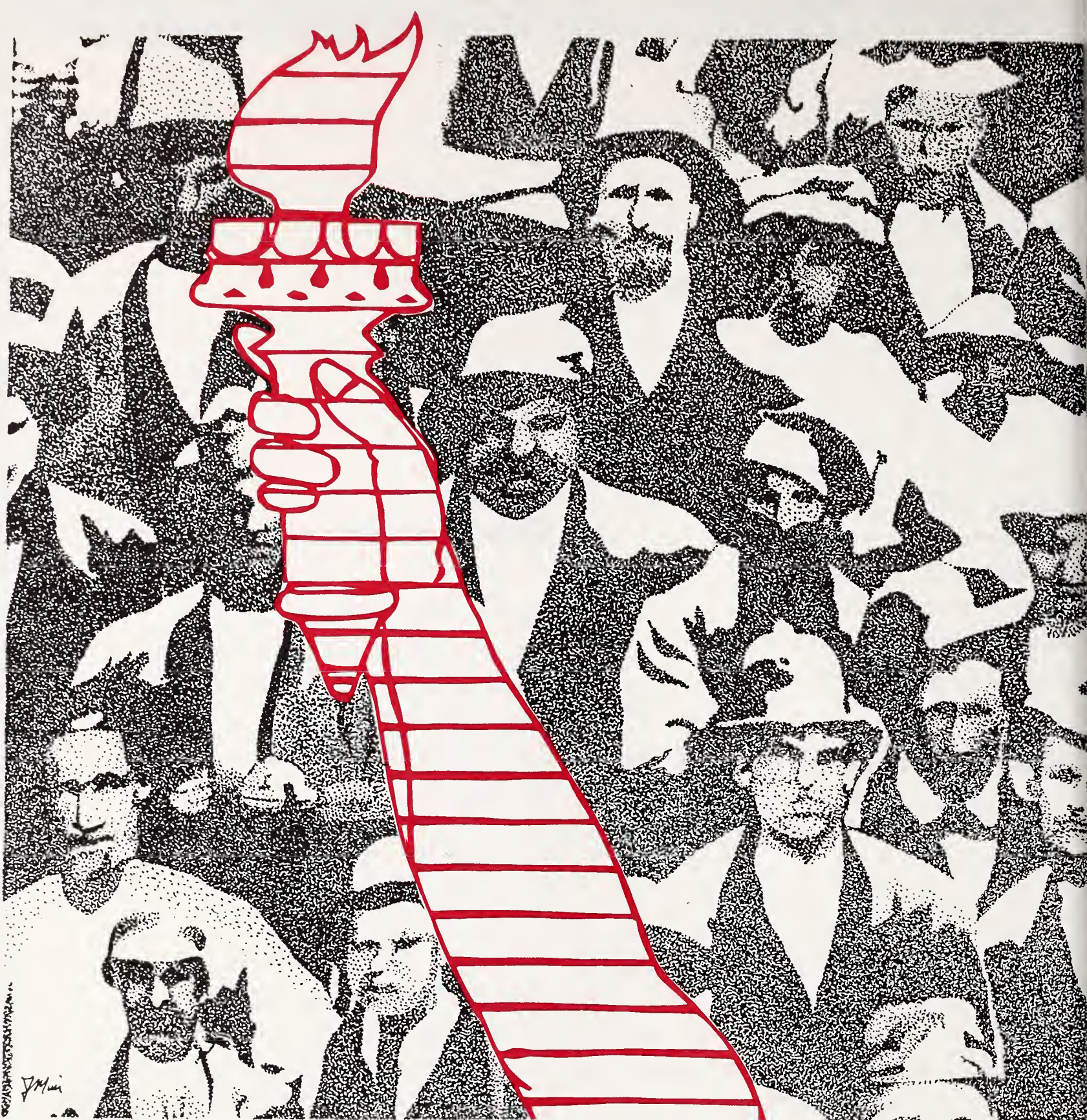
**Agnes Mordas**

## **Ból i Troska**

Jestem z dala od Ciebie  
Lecz me myślı wciąż tam powracają  
Me serce raz po raz trawione tesknotą  
Zadaje ból niemal realny  
Byłaś kiedyś piękna i potężna  
Jakaś ręka bezmyślna...  
...Cóż to ona Tobie uczyniła.  
Ciosem zwała Cię na kolana  
Ciemiężca zakuł Cię w kajdany  
I dla ironii chyba  
Okrzyknoł "Wolną Republiką"  
Brnął w kłamstwie i terrorze  
Ty coraz bardziej umęczona  
Nie masz siły podieść się z upadku  
Ludzie wzniesli swoje ręce  
Pragnęli zacząć rzecz od nowa  
Lecz im nie pozwolno  
Tymczasem coraz okrutniej  
Żelazo rani Twoje członki  
Co będzie z Tobą Polsko?

**Gabriela Mordas**





UNTITLED POINTILISM  
Pen and ink on illustration board.  
Original 8½" x 8½"  
By JOHN MUIR



# ROCK 'N' ROLL

Rock 'n' roll has always come under great pressure. From the days of Elvis' pelvis, through the screaming of Beatles fans, to the birth of heavy metal, there have always been elements that do not like rock 'n' roll: it appeals to kids; it promotes freedom and rebellion. So unfortunately, instead of focusing on such issues as the homeless and Apartheid, the government focuses on those with public recognition and political pull. Perhaps a group of senator's wives - let's say - who are trying to convince America that our children are being corrupted. Sound the alarm! Rock music is ruining the country!

There is absolutely no proof that rock lyrics are harmful to children, or anyone for that matter. If proof did exist, there would be sufficient reason to pull the records off the shelves or give them the big scarlet "X" these pressure groups want. In fact, a 1966 study conducted by two California State professors, Jill Rosenbaum and Lorraine Prinsky, found that the lyrics have little impact on teenagers. After surveying almost 300 junior and senior high school students, they found that out of the 662 songs the students listed as their favorites, only 7 percent were perceived as referring to sex, violence, drugs or satanism. The most popular topic at 25 percent, was - nobody faint - love. The students were unable to explain what 37 percent of their favorite songs meant. Prinsky goes on to state that the lyrics are not even making a subliminal impact on teenagers. Besides, "Good data on the subconscious indicates that it just doesn't work that way."

There is no denying that the message of some song lyrics is explicit. Most of this "explicit" music, however, is not even played on the radio. This makes it virtually impossible for young children to be exposed to it or even know that it exists. Another thing that many

people seem to overlook is that parents still have the option to go into the store with their children and see that their money is not spent inappropriately. A majority of parents don't care, and the ones who do, are already in the record store with their 7-year olds.

Censorship is still rampant. How many people actually know that at the 1985 P.M.R.C. (Parent's Music Resource Center) senatorial hearings, Senator Hollings - surprise, surprise, a P.M.R.C. husband - said, "If I could do away with this type of music constitutionally, I would"? And how many people know of the P.M.R.C.'s "secret" demands which asked for "a rating of records, that concerts be limited, that records with 'objectionable' content be placed in brown wrappers and put behind the counter in record stores"? When P.M.R.C. president, Sally Nevius, was questioned about those very demands, she replied, "they were supposed to be a secret." She didn't know "how it got leaked out to the press." As far as I recall, we still have a first amendment in this country. It should protect us all - children and teenagers included - against tactics such as this.

It is sad to think that a few self-declared moralists and senators' wives must slander musicians in order to confirm their own morality. Ironically, while the gov-

ernment and media waste their time and energy stirring up debates about what constitutes good or bad music, the musicians are using their time and energy to help others. Such events as Live Aid, Farm Aid, Artists Against Apartheid, the Amnesty International Tour, and so forth, are examples of the good that has come out of rock 'n' roll. It is ridiculous to let this charade continue any longer.

**Joy Brockman**







## **Rolls Royce**

She drives about town  
In a fancy Rolls Royce  
The house near the beach  
The tone of her voice  
It all indicates  
That she's got full control  
But she's come to a bridge  
And she can't pay the toll  
For this is a bridge of the soul

She wears designer clothes  
She buys designer drugs  
But her kisses are empty  
And so are her hugs  
She looks in the mirror  
It appeals to her eye  
But she's lost her last friend  
And her life is a lie

She craves for excitement  
In all shapes and forms  
She ruins others' lives  
To defy all the norms  
Her own flesh and blood  
Become pawns in her game  
She's constantly searching  
For someone to blame

She thinks back to a time  
When her friends were quite true  
Her money was scarce  
But her burdens were few  
But she's feeling quite famous  
Now that she's rich  
Though he once called her angel  
And now calls her bitch

Her wallet is bulging  
Her heart's turned to stone  
There's no one to talk to  
She feels all alone  
She once thought that riches  
Would ease all the pain  
But now it is driving her  
Slowly insane

For she looks in the mirror  
And no one looks back  
The clock keeps on ticking  
She can't turn it back  
She's got all her riches  
She's got all her gold  
But she's on the wrong side of the bridge  
And she can't afford to pay the toll

## **Colleen Dougher**



## **Flight to Islip**

Parallel with the sun  
My life in someone else's hands  
Suspended freely in mid-air  
  
Consistent vibration of engines  
Like the beating of a heart  
A sense of being in a dream  
  
Sky above me; clouds below  
Turbulence jolts me awake  
Back to reality  
Destination drawing near  
Vagabond shoes and denim galore

**Colleen Dougher**

# THE LETTER

"Sounds too mushy and apologetic to me," Mike said.

"Well, it's the truth. I do miss her," Chris stated.

"Sure you do," Mike said with sarcasm in his voice.

"I do. We had good times together. I'm sure we can still have more good times."

"Well, I just don't know if she'll fall for it. You shouldn't have sold that ring that she gave you for your birthday."

"Well, I needed the money at the time and I didn't think that she would notice it missing."

"Still, you shouldn't have sold it."

"What, and miss getting tickets to the Bears-Raiders game? No way."

"What happened to all the money you had last week?"

"I bought a new stereo system for my car."

"Well couldn't you have borrowed money from someone?"

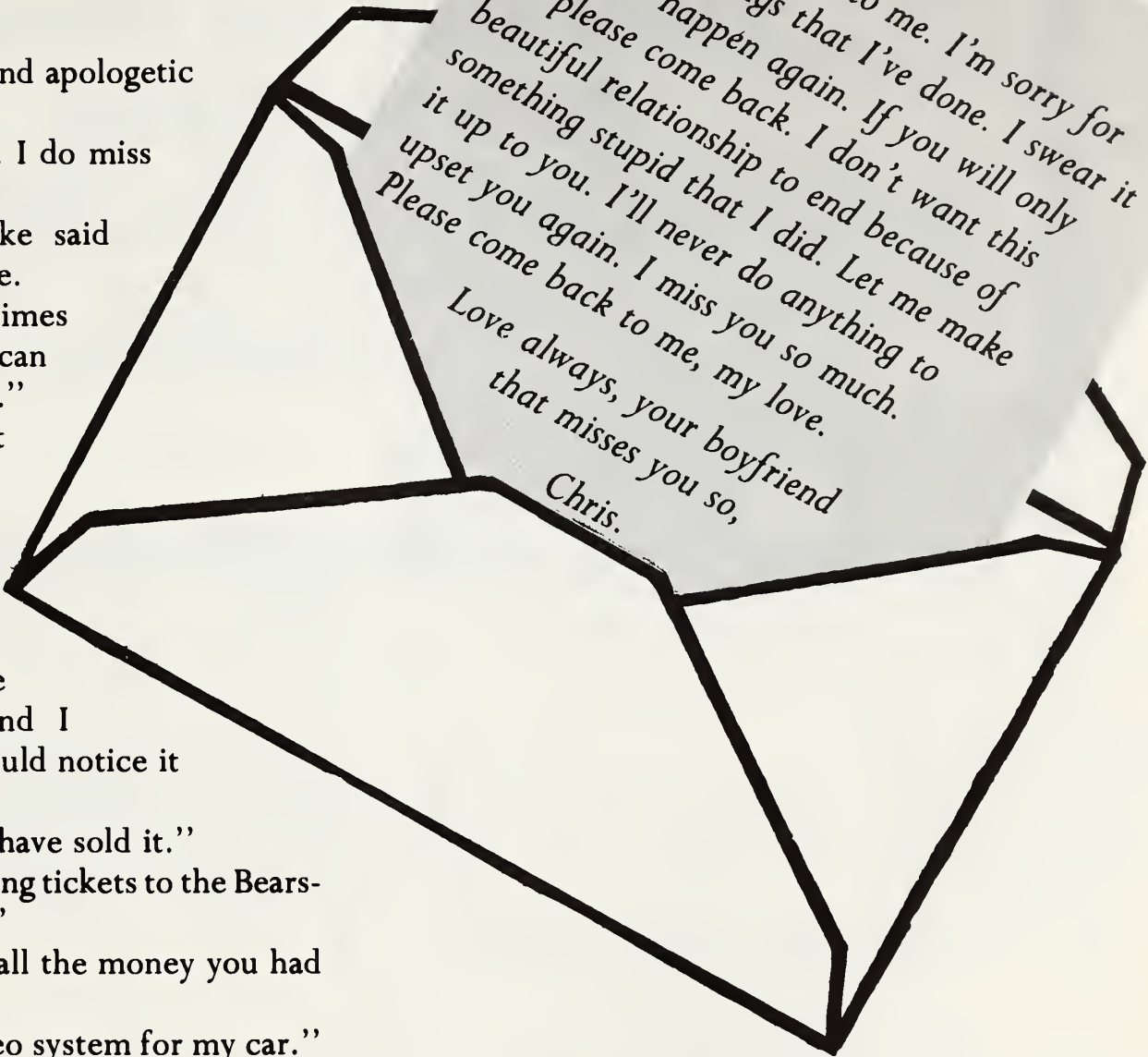
"I don't want to keep borrowing money from my friends. Besides, I still owe them for money that I've borrowed in the past."

"Well, you'll be lucky if she goes for this sad story."

"If not, I've made extra copies so that I can send one to Kim, Amy, Becky and Janet. At least one of them has to come back."

"What a joke!"

"It'll work. You wait and see."



Jennifer my darling,  
Please come back to me. I'm sorry for all the bad things that I've done. I swear it will never happen again. If you will only just please come back. I don't want this beautiful relationship to end because of something stupid that I did. Let me make it up to you. I'll never do anything to upset you again. I miss you so much. Please come back to me, my love.  
Love always, your boyfriend  
that misses you so,  
Chris.

**Greg Hayes**





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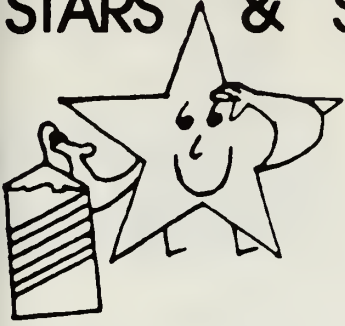


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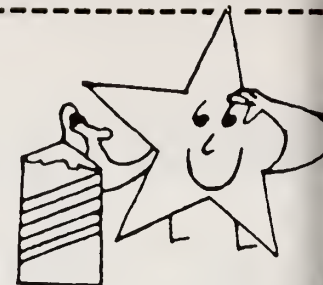
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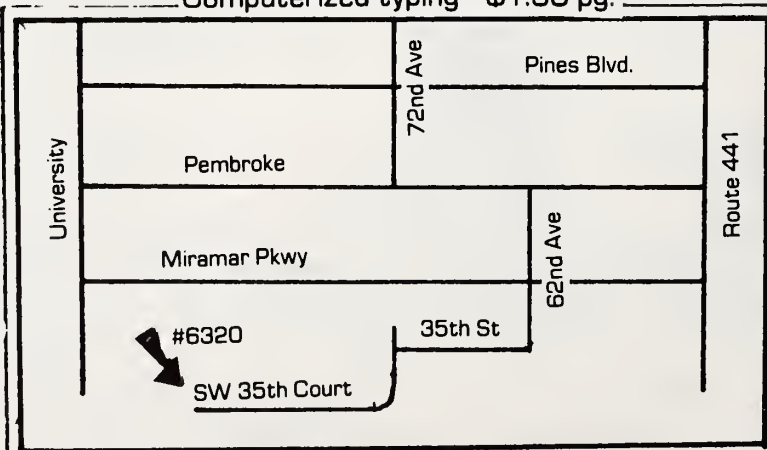
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GONZALO AGRAMONTE - Born in Havana, Cuba. Photography student at BCC, planning a career in art photography for magazine publication. "Photography is an avenue that lets me share with those around me."

MARLEEN ARNETT - Born in West Germany. An English major who is Navy bound. Likes war movies. Artist plus.

SHANA ALEXANDER - Born North Miami Beach. Liberal Arts major, a bit undecided about the future. "Because I photograph, I look at things that people don't see."

PATRICIA BEATTIE - Floridian born in Virginia. Has studied photography at BCC for two years, independent study. Currently runs her own restaurant in Ft. Lauderdale. Her intention is to take actual news of the day and document it through photography. She tries to make an explicit statement, leaving little to the viewers' imagination.

GIL BOGEN - Born in Chicago. Physician and psychiatrist starting a second career. An English major who intends to seek higher education in the three-year creative writing program at FIU. "I like writing because it lets me say what I want to say in a very creative way." [Thanks, Gil for rescuing our advertising - Chris.].

JOY BROCKMAN - Native Floridian - one of the few. Liberal Arts major who would some day like to write for "Rolling Stone." "I was going to save the world, but I decided to write about saving it instead."

ROSINA BUBANI - Born in Hollywood, Florida. An Art major who wants to write and illustrate her own books, without a degree. Rosina's message to the world: "Be creative!"

KATHLEEN BUTTS - Born in West Berlin. An English major who absolutely thrives on controversy, especially that surrounding her own poetry. Favorite quote: "Writing should serve as the axe for the frozen sea within us" (Franz Kafka).

KEN CORDAY - Born in the Bronx, New York. Journalism major, intending to teach in the social studies area, somewhere in the suburbs. His pet dog inspired "Flanky", and Ken's fondness for the suburbs prompts him to say, "Once I decipher the signals in the suburban girl's mind, I can truly contend with the game of life."

SCOTT E. COVENTRY - An English major. Favorite quote: "Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n" (Milton).

COLLEEN DOUGHER - Born in Salem, New Jersey. Journalism major. Currently enjoys freelance writing, and intends to delve further into the field. "The ultimate goal of writing is to take an ocean of knowledge and experience, and condense it to a drop of truth. And though I'll never succeed in accomplishing such a large goal, what I can learn in the process of trying will make it all worthwhile."

VARINKA FRANCO - Varinka, who was born in the Dominican Republic, is a Commercial and Graphic Design major.

DARLENE GERBINO - Born in New York. Communications major. Hopes to graduate (AA) in May. After 10 years of hard work and much goofing up, she's gonna make it! Super-speedy typesetter. Currently works for "Tonight Today" magazine, as well as being a full-time legal secretary. Darlene plans to become a producer, director, or writer in the film industry. "With so many fabulous and creative teachers in this world, anyone who wants to can achieve their goal and live their dreams."

HEATHER L. GUPTON - Born in the north (New Hampshire) and raised in the south (North Carolina). A journalism major who hopes to someday work on an editorial/production staff of a "Vogue"-type magazine, preferably something international. "To be good is not enough, when you dream of being great" (Unknown).

GREG HAYES — Born in Ft. Lauderdale (another of the few native Floridians). A Psych major, minoring in Creative Writing. Three quotes Greg identifies with: "Three passions simple, but overwhelmingly strong have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and the unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind" (Bertrand Russell); "It is the stern realities that make us dream of better things" (Clarence Darrow); "My writing is an escape for my imagination, to a place where I can express my dreams of better things."

SELIMA HUSSAIN - Born in England, of Indian (not red) origin, raised a Guyanese, and now an American alien. Mass Communications major. Had the AWESOME distinction of compiling these profiles.

RICHARD KENT — Returning student, Journalism-Marketing major. Been around the world a time or two. Editor of own magazine, "Tonight Today."

VIVIANE KLEIN - Born in New York City. Graduated from UM (Go Canes Go), with an Education degree. Klein enjoys creative writing and says that "The Upsherin" was written strictly from diligent observation.

ALAN LERNER - Born in Chicago/hell. An English major who feels quite definitely, poetry is living proof that you can squeeze blood from a stone. PTK member, also associate editor of "Tonight Today" magazine. "If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullblank."

LISA McDONOUGH - Born in Hawaii. PTK Honors graduate, with an AA degree in Art. Lisa describes herself as a Catholic, and a celt, and an incurable writer. Favorite quote; "It is a mistake to think that spirituality is seen only through a mist" (Robert Henri).

JOHN MUIR - Born in South Korea. Graphics Art major. Graphics editor for The Observer. "I want the color of the world to be purple, and I'd like to make a difference in the world around me and for myself."

CHRIS REISS - Born in UK. South Campus English instructor and collegewide magazine adviser. Bigamist to wife and magazine, and probably in big trouble.

NATALIE RODRIGUEZ - Roses are red, violets are blue, come back Natalie - WE MISS YOU!

MARIE SMITH — Born in New York. A Fine Arts major who intends to go on and teach Art. Favorite quote; "All children are artists, but a real artist is a child that never grows up" (Picasso).

JERI SPENCE - Born in Houston, Texas (Yee ha). Liberal Arts major who intends to seek further education in Literature and Art.

DAVID SUMMITT - Born in Baton Rouge LA. An English major, graduating from BCC soon. Central campus bureau chief for The Observer. "I'm a writer, I write stuff."









**it's** (its), 1. contraction of it is: *It's starting to rain.* 2. contraction of it has: *It's been a long time.* (Also) **'tis** (tiz), a contraction of *it is*. (**Random House**) 1615 Skynner in *Ussher's Lett.* (1686) 367 *It's like Lord Keeper would remember me the sooner.... Mod. Sc.* 'Where's the ball, boy?' 'Thair it's.' (**Oxford**). **it's** \(\,its, əts\ 1: it is 2: it has. (**Webster's**)

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